Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Wednesday 10 June 2020

Morning (Time: 2 hours 15 minutes) | Paper Reference **9HI0/33**

History

Advanced

Paper 3: Themes in breadth with aspects in depth

Option 33: The witch craze in Britain, Europe and North America, c1580–c1750

Source Booklet

Do not return this booklet with the question paper.

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Source for use with Section A.

From a letter written by Johannes Junius, the Mayor of Bamberg, to his daughter Veronica, 24 July 1628. The letter was smuggled out of prison shortly before Junius was executed.

Many hundred thousand good-nights, dearly beloved daughter Veronica. Innocent have I come into prison, innocent have I been tortured, innocent must I die. For whoever comes into the witch prison must become a witch or be tortured until he invents something, God pity him.

When I was tortured for the first time, the prosecutor said, 'You are a witch; will you confess it voluntarily? If not, we'll bring in witnesses and the torturer for you.' Now one inhabitant of Bamberg was brought to accuse me and afterwards another. One said she had seen me dance on the moor. Then came the torturer who put the thumb-screws on me, and bound both hands together. Then I thought heaven and earth were at an end; I suffered terrible agony.

When the torturer led me back into the prison, he said, 'Sir, I beg you, for God's sake confess something, whether it be true or not. Invent something, for you cannot endure the torture. You will not escape, not even if you were a nobleman. One torture will follow another until you say you are a witch.'

And so I begged to be given one day for thought. I was deeply troubled, but at last I confessed in order to escape the bitter torture, which it was impossible for me to bear.

Then I had to tell what people I had seen at the witch-sabbath. I said that I had not recognised them. The prosecutor threatened, 'I must set the torturer at you. Was not the Chancellor there?' So I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Take one street after another; begin at the market.' I had to name several persons there. Then I had to tell what crimes I had committed. I said nothing. The prosecutor said, 'Call the torturer.' So I said that I was ordered by the devil to kill my children, but I had killed a horse instead. It did not help. I said I had also taken a sacred Communion wafer, and had desecrated it. When I had said this, they left me in peace.

Now, dear child, here you have my confession, for which I must die. And they are complete lies and made-up things, so help me God. For they never leave off with the torture till one confesses something; they believe all must be a witch. Nobody escapes.

Good night, for your father, Johannes Junius, will never see you more.

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